

Engl. Theatre vol. 69
KING · PEPIN's
CAMPAIGN.

A
BURLESQUE OPERA,

OF
TWO ACTS.

Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,
in the YEAR 1745.

Wm. Shirley.



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INDIAN

THE

INDIAN





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King PEPIN of France,

Mr. LOWE,

CONSTABLE of France,

Mr. BLAKES,

PUFF, *a disgrac'd Field-Marshal,*

Mr. WALTZ,

MARGARET, PEPIN's *Mistress, below'd* }
by PUFF, Mrs. CŒIVE,

Lady ABBESS,

Mrs. ARNE,

CHORUS of Nuns: *Likewise of Nobles, Officers
and Soldiers.*

SCENE, *the District of* MENNIN, *in*
FLANDERS.



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KING PEPIN's CAMPAIGN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The French Camp.*

Enter Constable, attended by Nobles, Officers and Soldiers.

Const.



Repare your Trumpets, brace your
Drums ;
For, lo ! our mighty Monarch
comes,

With all his brave Commanders,
To conquer Kingdoms for his Friends :
But first himself to make Amends.

With *Luxemburg* and *Flanders*. [Trumpets.

B

CHORUS.

King PEPIN's Campaign.

CHORUS.

*He comes, he comes! O sound away!
Be this the Soldier's Holiday.*

*A grand March sounding, enter King Pepin, preceded
by a large Train of Nobles, Herald, Cooks, Dancers,
Officers, Musicians, and Guards.*

*Const. Great Pepin! welcome to this Soil;
May Flanders pay your Royal Toil.*

*Pep. O Constable! it joys my Soul
That we shall baffle all Controul.*

Const. The World's Applause ----

*Pep. Must crown a Cause
So gen'rous and so just!*

Const. Your Foes will fear ----

*Pep. I'll crush 'em here ----
I'll trample 'em to Dust.*

*'Tis for my Glory, public Good,
My Will should never be withstood,
I grieve I'm forc'd to draw the Sword,
But People will not take my Word.*

A I R.

Then what Resource?

It must be Force:

Ye sturdy Foes,

Ye shall have Blows.

Const.

A Burlesque OPERA.

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Const. Where shall your Royal Quarters be?

Pep. In yonder pleasant Nunnery.

Const. A proper Place.

Pep. There I'll solace ----

Const. The Nuns will try ----

Pep. Ah, me! I die! ----

O *Constable*, heroic Fire

So scorches that I must retire!

Dispatch, ye Cooks, the Kitchen strait prepare,

I will amuse myself a little there, [Ex. Cooks.

And then 'Rack-Punch our Ev'ning Joys shall crown,

To-morrow Morning we'll invest the Town.

[Ex. *Pepin and Train.*

CHORUS of *Constable and his Train.*

To tell of such a Monarch's Deeds,

Fame double Store of Trumpets needs.

[Exeunt.

Enter Margaret, sola.

Marg. My Royal Lover, gentle Swain,

Forbade my making the Campaign:

But, ah! while he's so far away,

Could *Margaret* near *Paris* stay?

A Wife is cold, a Mistress kind!

Their Diff'rence he in this shall find.

A I R.

Partaking all Ills, in all Dangers I'll share;

Increasing each Transport, relieving each Care;

B 2

His

King PEPIN's Campaign.

*His Toils of the Day, and Fatigues of the Fight,
I'll constantly pay with my Kisses at Night.*

Enter Puff.

Marg. Who dares intrude ? ----

Puff. If I am rude

Your Beauties blame, ----

I hither came,

From Passion true,

To follow you.

Marg. To follow me ! ----

You're strangely free,

Who know I aim

At Royal Game.

Puff. Did you not vow ? ----

Marg. That I allow. ----

But then, a King

Is such a Thing,

As must excuse ! ----

For who'll refuse ? ----

Now, as for you, such Schemes have been ! ----

Suppose you should attempt the Queen ?

Puff. Suits it the Softness of the Fair,

To sport with those that feel Despair ?

O wretched *Puff* ! compleatly crost !

Thy Fame destroy'd, thy Mistress lost.

But, Tyrant, you provoke the Strife,

I'll have my Love or lose my Life.

Ah ! gentle Maid, in Pity hear ;

Melt at this Sigh, this falling Tear :

Some

A Burlesque OPERA.

9

Some Ease to my Distraction give,
And bid your dying Soldier live.

Marg. I beg your Suit, Sir, you'd give o'er,
Nor talk of old Engagements more.

A I R.

*From Royal Example I plead my Excuse:
Our Master this Maxim adapts to his Use,
That Profit must govern; and, as for the rest,
Why Honour's Convenience, and Oaths are a Jest.*

[They talk apart.]

[Enter King Pepin, Constable, and Attendants.]

Pep. What Impulse 'tis I cannot say,
But forc'd I'm back again this Way!
By Spells and Charms I surely move!
Ah! there's th' Attraction! ---- 'tis my Love!
My *Margaret!* my Joy! my Pride!
My Treasure! ---- O my more than Bride! [*Embracing her.*
Nay, press me closer, gentle Dear ----
Yet am I griev'd to see you here. ----
Your Beauty to the Rage of Foes,
I dare not, like my Crown, expose.
Who's that I see with low'ring Leer? ----
Hah! *Puff* within the Camp appear! ----
Are my Commands regarded so?
With Fetters load him quickly, go. [*They fetter him.*
Then let him at his Leisure stray,
And learn henceforward to obey.

Puff.

King PEPIN's Campaign.

Puff. These Fetters I, with Ease, might wear,
 Was I reliev'd from heavier there.
 Ah, cruel King! thy ruthless Hand
 First stripp'd me of my high Command;
 And now, my Mis'ry to improve,
 You rifle all my Hoard of Love:
 Be kind, and to compleat my Fate,
 O take the Life you make me hate.

A I R.

In Anguish,
I languish,
All Torments I prove:
With Sorrows surrounded!
In Honour I'm wounded,
And robb'd of my Love.

Pep. Thy Love! ---- how does my Choler rise?
 Audacious Dog! ---- by Heav'n, he dies! ----
 Away ---- nor dare my Rage controul,
 But hang him, stab him ---- tear his Soul. ----
 His Love! rebellious Villain! ---- he! ----
 To dare presume to rival me! ----

Marg. See on her Knees your Handmaid fall, [*Kneels.*
 To beg that Sentence you'll recal:
 Sir, for your Glory, I beseech
 You would not mind a Madman's Speech.

Pep. Rise up ---- my Rage at length gives Way: ----
 'Twould dim my Glory, as you say! ----

Then,

A Burlesque OPERA.

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Then, from my Presence, Rebel, go,
 And Safety to my Glory owe. [Ex. Puff.
 Come on, my Fair, we'll hence remove,
 This is no proper Scene for Love :
 While I brave Dangers on the Plain,
 Among the Nuns you must remain.

Marg. What Vigour can my Monarch shield,
 If *England's* King should take the Field !
 Whose Sword, with those he led to Fight,
 Once put your Troops in dismal Plight :
 And would have slain 'em ev'ry one,
 But that they very wisely ---- run.
 Then, Sir, the Chace of Fame give o'er,
 And go not where the Cannon roar.

Const. Here, to intimidate our Foes,
 I am compell'd to interpose.

A I R.

Do not retire,
Our Troops you inspire,
Our Foes you with Fears in Abundance appal :
But if you go,
For certain, I know,
Their Valour will rise, and our Courage must fall.

Pep. Yes, yes, 'gainst such a daring Host,
 'Tis fit that I should keep my Post.

Marg. Ah ! to my Suit propitious prove.

Pep. How pow'rful is the Plea of Love !

When

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When Glory calls, I start to go ;
But stop when Beauty fights out, No.
What shall I do ? or which Way turn,
While two such equal Passions burn ?

Const. Thus humbly at your Feet I fall,
To urge for Glory ----

Pep. O 'tis all !

To me, a Hero and a King,
Why Glory ---- Glory's ev'ry Thing :
And I, a Warriour newly made,
Resolve, at once, to top the Trade.

Marg. Then, I am lost ! alas, I go ! *[Faints.]*

Pep. Ah ! Sight of Pity, Scene of Woe !
Was ever wretched Monarch's Breast
'Twixt Love and Glory thus distressed ?

A I R.

*I'm like, as honest Rusticks say,
An Ass between two Stacks of Hay !
Who this Way turns, now that would go,
And which to take he does not know.*

Const. I've hit upon a lucky Mean,
May finish this perplexing Scene :
Indulge us all the Day in Fight,
And *Margaret* with Love all Night.

Pep. Be that agreed ?

Marg. Well, I accede :

Pep. Then I am happy, blest indeed !

Thy

A Burlesque OPERA.

13

Thy Wisdom, *Constable*, I prize,
Which two such Claims could compromise;
And Gratitude I feel o'erflow,
That Love will half its Claim forgoe:
Henceforth my Joys will all improve,
From Glory great, and great in Love.

Const. Such Warmth this Courage must infuse,
That all to fight, nay die, will chuse.

Pep. What faithful Love! ---- what Friendship true!
Ah! take this Kiss ---- this Hug for you. ----
Come; for I feel heroic Fire,
Gives Way to languishing Desire.
You, *Constable*, your Place sustain
Of Second, in this great Campaign:
And, while I'm absent with my Fair,
Exert the great Commander's Care.

D U E T T O.

Pep. *Lovely Charmer of a King,*
Passion's Banquet, Pleasure's Spring;
Let us wanton, let us play,
Love invites, no longer stay.

Marg. *Where the purple V'let blows,*
Where the Pink, and where the Rose;
Thro' the blushing Pride of May,
Fann'd with Zephyrs, let us stray.

Pep. *By the Streams where Fishes sport,*
There shall Cupid keep his Court!

C

Marg.

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Marg. *There we'll sport as fast they:*

BOTH. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Come, my Monarch, come away.} \\ \text{Come, my Charmer, come away.} \end{array} \right.$

[*Ex. Pep. Marg. and Attendants.*]

Manet Constable, solus.

Const. With stately Air and solemn Pace,
A grave Reserve and anxious Face,
As Statesmen use, who rule a Land,
I now must dignify Command,
Observance from the Great to draw,
And strike the common Herd with Awe. [*Stalks about.*]

Enter Puff, in Fetters.

Puff. Aye, strut and bounce, your Pow'r to boast,
I know, full well, you rule the Roast:
But I, unaw'd by Frowns, or worse,
Must yet complain, nay, still will curse;
Who am, in all Enjoyments, crost;
My Love betray'd, my Honour lost;
Thus shackled, and in woeful State ----
O ruthless King! O cruel Fate!

Const. Hold, Sir, nor dare exclaim so fast;
Or, by my Pow'r, you rave your last.
My Royal Master does ordain,
His Office here that I sustain:
So, while the ruling Rod I hold,
Presumption, Sir, shall be controul'd.

Puff.

A Burlesque OPERA.

15

Puff. You was my Friend! ----

Const. You'd then a Place :

Who looks on Courtiers in Disgrace ?

Puff. How I have suffer'd Day and Night,
With heavy Accent I recite :

What Fears I've felt, what Evils fac'd,

And, after all, to be disgrac'd ! ----

How many Ambassies I've made,

And bully'd, bragg'd, bought, ly'd, betray'd ! ----

What Sieges form'd, what Towns have ta'en,

What Battles fought, what Numbers slain !

And, ah ! what Dangers oft have run ;

With Horror I remember one !

O dreadful Night ! O Scene of Woe !

Surpriz'd ! assaulted by the Foe !

Awak'd, as near the Mischief drew,

I fled, tho' whither scarce I knew.

A I R.

Thro' Thick and Thin, thro' Rain and Dirt,

No Breeches, and not half a Shirt ;

The People crying, Look ! look there !

O blefs us ! all behind is bare !

Const. Hah ! what reproach the King and Me ?

Your Error, Sir, you soon shall see :

A Guard ---- [*Enter Soldiers.*] Confine that Rebel strait,

'Till I and *Pepin* fix his Fate.

C 2

A I R.

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A I R.

*Puff. Fate here is most welcome, since Honour is lost,
To die I am ready, now Beauty is lost:
Kind Charon conduct to a happier Shore,
Where Honour and Love may disturb me no more.*

[Ex. guarded.]

Manet Constable, solus.

*Const. This Act, I think, was rightly done;
My Office thus I've well begun:
For what's Authority and Sway,
If People dare to disobey?*

A I R.

*So Jack in an Office is not such a Joke,
When thus in his Pow'r to strike a bold Stroke:
Then such while I am, let me merrily sing,
That Jack's in his Office as great as a King.* [Ex.]

End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT



ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Nunnery.*

Enter Pepin, Margaret, Abbess, and several Nuns.

Abb. Reat Monarch, brave no more the fatal
Plain,



But with your pious Servants here remain :

My Daughters all, and I, your humble Slave,
With supplicating Tongues, the Favour crave.

A I R.

All we can do

To pleasure you,

Awaits your Royal Call :

Then tarry, pray,

Nor fight To-day,

We beg it, One and All ;

Chorus of Nuns. We beg it, One and All.

Marg. I'd rather (they so fond appear) } [*Aside.*

He shou'd be kill'd than tarry here.

To Suits, like this, you must not yield ; [*To Pepin.*

Your Glory calls you to the Field :

Your Soldiers will impatient grow ;

Come, take your Leave, and let us go.

Pep. Kind Mother, and ye holy Train,
It grieves me much you ask in vain :

Tho'

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Tho' prest and wishing much to stay,
As Glory calls I must away.

1st Nun. Ah! if you go my Hopes are crost,
And ev'ry View of Comfort lost!
O! why will you to Dangers run,
And leave, in Woe, your gentle Nun?
The toilsome Office pray suspend,
Or else permit that I attend.

Marg. Hah! holy Sister! what, so free!
Does with your Habit this agree?
Correction, Madam, here is due ---- [To the Abbess.

Abb. The Child has Yearnings, 'tis most true.
My Lambs are Young; and of my own,
In youthful Days, I've Wishes known.

Marg. O horrid! monstrous! Wolves of Prey!
This House is Hell; no longer stay. [To Pepin.

1st Nun. We have unveil'd ourselves, we own;
But what are you, who throw the Stone?
Too nice t' admit in others Pow'r,
To taste of what yourself devour!
Such Airs but badly suit a Life
Of neither Widow, Maid, or Wife:
That something else, which you may name,
Gives no Monopoly of Game.

2d Nun. I'll side with you, if you'll agree
To send a sturdy Spark to me.

Marg. Agreed at once, there needs no more;
At least I'll send you Half a Score.

} *Apart
to each
other.*
2d Nun.

A Burlesque OPERA.

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2d Nun. My Rage I can no longer quell,
O wicked Sister, Fiend of Hell !
With hideous Schemes and filthy Brawling,
To Shame our chaste and holy Calling.
I shake at Practices so bad ;
To see you punish'd should be glad.
Go, Sir ; I beg with Speed you'll run :
Thou luscious Morfel for a Nun,
Bear all your Charms, your Witchcraft hence,
Nor give our Convent more Offence.

TRIO.

Pep. *I'll shew I'm a Hero, and raise this fond Siege ;
My Glory, fair Sister, forbids to oblige :
And yet to depart,
Distracts my poor Heart,
O measure, by your's, my sad Portion of Smart !*

Marg. No longer then stay.

1st Nun. O go not away ! ----

Marg. Your Honour calls loudly -----

Pep. Well, well, I'll obey.

'Tis over, 'tis past,

This Look is my last ! ----

1st Nun. *Then Pain is my Portion and Misery vast !*

Marg. *Her Viles to Dishonour your Heart wou'd ensnare.*

1st Nun. Believe me ----

Pep. Relieve me ! ----

ALL. O Torture ! ---- Despair ! ----

[Ex. Pepin and Margaret at one Door; the
Abbess and Nuns at the other.]

SCENE

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SCENE *changes to the Boundary of a Camp,
with a distant Prospect of the Town of
Mennin.*

*Enter Constable, with a Train of Officers and Soldiers ;
the latter carrying Pick-axes, Baskets, Shovels, and
Fascines, which they set down.*

Const. **B**Ehold the Town ! disburthen here :
The King, I trust, will soon appear.
Lo ! where he comes ! then I resign
The Office he deputed mine.

Enter Pepin, Margaret, and Attendants.

Great Sir, assiduous to fulfil
Your Ever-just and Royal Will,
I have, while here the Sway I held,
Maintain'd due Order in the Field :
However, *Puff*, forgetful grown
Of all that Clemency you'd shewn,
Has dar'd arraign your high Decree,
Traduce my King, and menace me !
For which, 'till I could know your Mind,
I've order'd he be close confin'd.

Pep. My Thanks for what you've done I give,
And now pronounce he shall not live :
Away, and tell the Rebel strait,
An Axe shall give him instant Fate. [*An Officer goes out.*
He shall no more my Temper shock ;
Do you conduct him to the Block : [*Another Offic. goes out.*
And now, to purchase high Renown,
We'll, *Constable*, attack the Town.

Const.

A BURLESQUE OPERA

21

Const. I'm griev'd, amidst these noble Views,
To say there's come unlucky News;
That hostile Fleets sail'd out, by Stealth,
And plunder'd all your Kingdom's Wealth.

Pep. Damn all my Foes! mischievous Trick! ---
Of warring, I shall soon grow sick.

Marg. For why? --- mind Glory not, such Trash:
What's it to you, your Subject's Cash?

Const. Our Tradesmen beggar'd, Merchants broke,
Is, Madam, an unlucky Stroke.

Marg. No matter; Money made 'em proud:
They're now to sure Obedience bow'd.

Pep. 'Tis wisely said, as I'm a King,
Their Loss I hold a lucky Thing;

They'll cease all Grumbling now, and Rout,
Since they have nought to care about:

Come, bring a Pickaxe, to begin;
I'll, like a Hero, drive it in,

A I R.

*Great Cæsar, the greatest that e'er had Command,
Your Rival in Glory hence Pepin shall stand!*

*Exult that a Monarch so mighty as I,
August in Parade,*

Takes up your bold Trade,

A Victory here with Puissance to buy.

*[After the Song, he takes a Pickaxe and strikes
it into the Stage, and afterwards retires back
in a Hurry.]*

Const. 'Tis in! ---

Pep. Aye 'tis, beyond all Doubt;
But let the Devil take it out.

Marg. O glorious Labour! god-like King!
Of this shall future Homers sing.

Pep. Why aye! our daring Foes shall find
That *Pepin* can amaze Mankind! ---

D

Yet

Yet still another Toil remains,
 O how the Thought my Ardor strains !
 Fall back :----I would by all be seen ;
 And thus I throw the first Fascine. ----

*[Having thrown a Fascine from him, a Cannon
 fires at a Distance, and he falls flat on the
 Stage.]*

Marg. How dreadful do the Cannon roar ! ----

Const. Alas ! our Monarch is no more ! ----

Run ! fly, like Birds of swiftest Wing,
 And fetch a Cordial for the King. *[An Officer goes out.]*
 Help, raise him gently up with Care,
 Now chase his Temples ---- give him Air :
 And, see ! the Roses in his Face
 All bloom anew with native Grace !

Pep. Is this Elysium which I see ?
 And where my Friends still follow me ! ----
 Inform me ; did the fatal Ball
 That kill'd your Monarch, kill ye all ?

Const. However stunn'd, permit we give
 Our 'Gratulations that you live.

Pep. Hah ! Live ! ---- do I survive this Feat ? *[Rising.]*
 Then Fame and Glory are compleat.

An Officer enters with a large Bowl of Punch.

Marg. Come, drain this Goblet, at my Suit ;
 Your low-sunk Spirits 'twill recruit.

Pep. Aye, well advis'd ; and here it goes,
 To Fame atchiev'd o'er all my Foes. ---- *[Drinks it off.]*

Marg. Done like yourself ! 'tis Vigour's Prop ! ----

Pep. Support me, ah ! or I shall drop ! ----
 A sudden Qualm invades each Sense !
 And Conscience ---- Conscience takes Offence.
 Thou, Syren Fair One, hence remove,
 And let me shake off guilty Love.

Marg. What says my Pepin ? Bid me go ?
 O barb'rous Hero, murd'rous Woe ! ----

What !

A Burlesque OPERA.

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What ! bid me from your Presence fly ? ----

The Order's Fate ! ---- Behold me die ! ----

Pep. Die, do'st thou say ? ---- untimely fall ! ----

First perish *Pepin*, Priests and all.

No ; I've recover'd, chang'd my Mind ! ----

And swear for ever to be kind.

Marg. O happy Sound ! 'tis gen'rous this,

And I'll reward thee with a Kiss.

[*Kisses him.*]

A I R.

Like Turtles, in the vernal Grove,

We'll coo, and woo, and bill, and love !

Nor Length of Time, nor Change of Place,

Our fond Impressions shall efface.

A dead March sounding, enter Puff, preceded by a Train of Officers, with an Executioner carrying an Axe ; and followed by a Number of his Friends, all in long black Cloaks, as he himself is habited.

Puff. Stop, gen'rous Friends, nor farther go

To share a ruin'd Soldier's Woe :

But take, ere we for ever part,

The Blessings of a faithful Heart.

O may you more successful prove,

Than I, in Loyalty and Love ;

Alike resign'd to either's Call,

Yet injur'd now in both I fall.

A I R.

Beauty charm'd me ;

Honour warm'd me ;

Duty ever rul'd my Mind :

But Love has griev'd me ;

Fame deceiv'd me,

And Power dooms ! ----- but I'm resign'd.

Pep. He moves me much. ----

Marg. Compell'd I speak ;

Forgive him, or my Heart will break !

If Justice urg'd the Doom you gave ?

For Glory, now, let Mercy save.

Pep.

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Pep. He has my Pardon! *Puff*, be free,
And share our happy Jubilee.

Enter 1st Nun.

1st Nun. Resolv'd to be no more a Nun,
I'm from the Convent inlier run.
Unruly Passions rage so high,
They must have Ease, or I shall die;
In Pity then assuage my Flame,
And I will bless your Royal Name.

Marg. This Fury, prompt for ev'ry Evil,
Is sure the Off-spring of the Devil!
Sir, send her instantly away ----

Pep. What would you have me do or say?
The Woman's shameless, mad! I grant ----
But 'tis from such a natural Want ----
Marg. Hah! 'tis a lucky Thought enough! [*Aside.*
Then, to be quiet ---- give her *Puff*.

Pep. To that I readily agree;
For one's, I find, enough for me.
Here, *Puff*, my Kindness to improve,
Be blest, at once, with Life and Love.

Puff. O gracious Boon! my Fair One, can ----

1st Nun. O yes, I'm ready for a Man.
I hop'd to get the King, 'tis true;
But an inferior one may do.
And, for my Merits, why, thro' Life
You'll find me, Sir, a willing Wife.

BALLAD, in PARTS.

Pep. Now blazing with Glory, and happy in you, [*To Marg.*

We'll set out for Paris, so Flanders, adieu!

Const. And we will attend on so god-like a King,

Your Triumph to Grace, and Te-Deum to sing.

GRAND CHORUS.

Join your Voices, swell the Strain,

Matchless Monarch! great Campaign!

F I N I S.